

**A STEADY DIET OF THE BLUES (for Frasier Crane) © Allan Markin All rights reserved**

The salad's on the table, the omelet's good and done

I'm eating all alone again, since my baby's long gone

Yes it's blues for dinner, blues for dinner every day

I'm having blues for dinner, since my baby's gone away

I'm having blues for dinner, a steady diet of the blues

My bedroom's always empty, my bed's so doggone cold

Ain't got no love to warm me, lord I feel so god damned old

It's the blues at bedtime, they just won't let me be

Yes it's the blues at bedtime, they'll be the death of me

Yeah, it's blues at bedtime, a steady diet of the blues.

The bottle by the bedside, is begging me to drink

I know i shouldn't touch it, 'cause I'll drink until I stink

It's the blues at night time, the whiskey will see me through

It's won't be long, honey, when I'll stop thinking of you.

Yes it's the blues at night time, a steady diet of the blues

Now it's sunrise in the morning, think I'll go into the light

Darkness will come soon enough, ain't got no strength to fight

But now it's blues for breakfast, blues for breakfast every day

It's blues for breakfast, since my baby's gone away.

It's the blues for breakfast, a steady diet of the blues.

**Repeat verse one**